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A Masque—The Story of the Nativity

by

Susanna Clayton Orr

MARY, THE MOTHER OF THE CHILD.

A MASQUE—

THE STORY *of* THE NATIVITY

FOR THE COMMONWEALTH
of LOS ANGELES

By
SUSANNA CLAYTON OTT

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By SUSANNA CLAYTON OTT

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LILLIAN BURKHART GOLDSMITH,

This play is yours,
my friend, that you may
make it theirs.

*PEOPLE *of* THE PLAY

IN THE ORDER *of*
THEIR COMING

A Woman, who speaks the prologue	Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith
Five Shepherds of Judea	Mrs. Alfred Whitney Allen Mrs. James Bert Stearns Miss Elizabeth Yoder Mrs. Samuel Victor McClure Miss Dora A. Holmes
An Old Shepherd	Mrs. Chauncey L. Higbee
A Shepherd Boy	Miss Gertrude Comstock
Elezier (His Brother)	Master James Bush
The Angel Gabriel	Mrs. Fred Selwyn Lang
The King of the North	Mr. Cecil Irish
The King of the South	Mr. Max Pollock
The King of the East	Mr. Clyde McCoy
Angel of the Star of Bethlehem	Madam Constance Balfour
Joseph, a Carpenter of Nazareth	Mr. Frederick Wilson
Mary, the Mother of the Child	Miss Sarah Truax
Singing Shepherds *Heavenly Choir* *Attendants of the Three Kings*	Members of the Musical Clubs and Church Choirs of Los Angeles, California.

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith

MUSICAL DIRECTORS
Mr. Adolph Tandler
Mr. Carl Bronson
Mr. Joseph Dupuy

*Original Cast as played in Exposition Park, Los Angeles, California, December 24th and December 25th, 1915.

Color Artist and Designer of Costumes for Shepherds and Angels, Miss Arri Rottman. Costumes for the Orpheus Club and Kings of the Orient designed by Mr. Walter J. Israel.

THE SHEPHERDS OF JUDEA.

A MASQUE—
THE STORY *of* THE NATIVITY

[*It is night. Somewhere a voice sings.*

VOICE.

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

[*And there is silence. After a time, a ray of soft light comes down from the sky and rests upon the figure of a* WOMAN, *who stands at the right, clad in robes of white like habit of a nun. The* WOMAN *speaks the prologue.*

PROLOGUE.

YOU, who are come to hear, the play is yours.
It is for each and every one of you
As you may think; a play for rich, or poor,
Or wise, or simple, Christian, pagan, Jew,
Or those strange creeds of other hemispheres,
Who call Him Oromazd or Vàruna.
The name, it matters not, to-night, perhaps
In some strange wise He is the same to each,
These others merely fashioned Him by their
Own virtues, customs, laws as was their need.
That which you bring, to-night, so shall you find;
It is but as it is for you and me.
For if the tale to you is tale divine,

Then so it is,—the play is surely yours!
But if, instead, the tale is but a tale,
It still is yours; for 'tis a lovely thing,
Whose loveliness for twice one thousand years,
Has fed the hungry, lifted up the lame,
And made the blind to see. It has been fair
Enough that centuries have lived by it,
And fairer still, when they have come to die. —
And you, that one, who stands alone and says,
"This is the end; there is no God!" and still
Is not afraid, but lives that, somehow, good
May not be lost, the play is yours, my friend.
I know not quite what you may get from it,
And yet I know you'll hear with sympathy. —
And you, — if such be here, and there are such,
Wise men, who by their subtle reasoning, —
Oh, faith is not a thing of argument! —
Do hold this Christ is charlatan, a poor,
At best, deluded rhapsodist, that's dead
Two thousand years, to whom mere time alone
Ascribes these mysteries, — the play is yours!
For be He charlatan, yet from this worse
Than naught have men in their necessity
Shaped for themselves, out of themselves, this end
Toward which they reach, but never may attain!
They may not love enough, yet from their own
Imperfect love they wrought this perfect one.
And so the play is yours, not that you see
That men have failed, but failing, have aspired! —
To-night, the text of your especial creed,
Does matter not, if when to-morrow comes,
You'll do a deed of charity; or speak
A kindly word of him, your enemy;

Or say to her, your sister of the street,
"I, too, have sinned, the difference is that your
Temptation was not mine". Oh, then, my friend,
The miracle is wrought, and Christ is born!

[*The* PROLOGUE *is finished. The* WOMAN *is seen no more. Soft voices are heard singing.*

VOICES.

Come hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing,
And see in the manger,
The angels' dread King.
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord,

Oh, come ye, come hither,
Oh, come ye, come hither,
Oh, come ye, come hither,
To worship the Lord!

[*The voices cease. A star is seen low in the sky, a star of silver-blue, and over all there comes a light, soft and luminous. A* SHEPHERD *is seen running up the hill.*

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Oh, ho-ye! Ho-ye! Come ye up the hill
And see the star!

[SECOND *and* THIRD SHEPHERD *come running in.*

SECOND SHEPHERD.

It winks its eye and becks
For me to come.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

I left Melchoir to watch
And ran along.

[MELCHOIR *is heard calling to the sheep behind the hill.*

MELCHOIR.

Ye-oh! Ye-oh! Ye-oh!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

I hear him call. There's naught to fear to-night,
The sheep lie strangely still and flat upon
The ground.

[*The rest of the* SHEPHERDS *come in. The* OLD MAN *is leaning heavily upon his shepherd's crook.*

SHEPHERD BOY.

'Tis beautiful! See how it rests
Upon the tree as if it were a bird!

FOURTH SHEPHERD (*scratching his pole*).

'Tis strange a star should come down from the sky
And roost him in a tree.

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye, I, too,
Would see a star a-roostin' in a tree!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And also winking his one eye at thee,
O, Nathan-Ben-Elezier, like wanton
Of the street.

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

I, too, did read the stars,
When I was young. It is the highest learnin'
Of them all.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As high up as the sky!

[*All slap their hips and laugh for the joke is good.*

MELCHOIR (*calling*).

Ye-oh! Ye-oh! Ye-oh!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And still he calls.

SHEPHERD BOY.

Grand dame hath told me oft the tale of how
The wise men have foretold a star would come
And rest upon the roof of where is born
The King of all the Jews. O, Nathan, say,
And could this be the Star of which they spoke ?

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Mayhap! Mayhap! I, too, have heard the tale.
And stranger things than this hap every day.
I sometimes think that if great Master Sun
Arose but once in each man's life, he'd stand
In awe before the wondrous sight, and reck
The world were at an end. But that we see
The sun rise every day, 'tis common like
Our wives do grow, when married forty years.
Aye, aye, I, too, have heard the tale!

THIRD SHEPHERD.

It becks as if 'twould have us go with it.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

More like as not it would bewitch.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And turn
Us mad; or mayhap to an owl.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I dreamed
A dream, last night. A devil pinched my leg,
And in the morn, when I awoke, the spot
Was there, still red,—And now, here is the star!—
And yet, they say there's naught in dreams!

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Oh, no,
He is a friendly star. See how he bows
At us. I, too, would bow at him. Good eve, [*salutes the star.*
Fair sir. [*Aside to the* SHEPHERDS.
We'll speak polite, for e'en the de'il
Is pleased at fair spoke words. — Good even, sir,
What wouldst thou have of us poor, unbooked men?

[*Suddenly it is night, and there is the sound of passing wings and the blare of trumpets, and celestial* VOICES *sing.*

VOICES.

Glory to God in the highest
Peace on earth, good will to men.

[*The* SHEPHERDS *throw themselves on their faces in their fear and moan and cry aloud.*

SHEPHERDS.

I fear! — I fear! — Lord, God, I am afraid!

[*A ray of dazzling light descends from the sky, and* GABRIEL *stands aloft in robes of radiance.*

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

GABRIEL.

Fear not, for I bring ye good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all men: for there is born this day, in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; ye shall find a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. And His name shall be Jesus, and His Mother shall be called Mary, and the man whom His mother hath married is Joseph, a workman out of Nazareth. A star shall go to show the way, and it shall come to rest above the place where shall lie the Child, Jesus. Go, ye and find the place.

[*And* GABRIEL *is no longer there. Again there is the light as of many stars. The* SHEPHERDS *slowly lift their heads.*

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And hath he gone?

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Good Lord, and what a scare!

SHEPHERD BOY.

The Star! The Star! It is the Star, and we
May go to see the King!

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Oh, no, oh, no,
That's going far, — But yet he were fair spoke, —
And still! And still! — But oh, my very bones
Seemed filled with joy! I go! Lord God, I go!

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

We'll go and take Him gifts.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

'Twas Gabriel,
Himself! The very same. I'll go with thee.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I'll take my cock, all shining like the day.

FIRST SHEPHERD (*capering about*).

And I will take,
For Jesus's Sake,
A lamb as white as driven snow.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

O, Nathan,
Dost thou think he'd like a necklace made of beads
That have a charm to help at teething time?

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Why would He not? Is teethin' such a pleasant
Business as that? Aye, take the beads!

SHEPHERD BOY.

O, Nathan, I have naught that I may take.
I may not go, because I have no gift!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And why not sing for Him? A song would be
A very pretty gift, and would it not,
O, son of him, who's called Elezier?

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye, a song, a sweet and pretty gift,
The kind of song that's made for baby's sleep.

SHEPHERD BOY.

Oh, I will sing to Him with all my heart.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Then come, let us away, the night grows old,
And sing so time will pass more pleasantly.

SHEPHERDS (*singing*).

O, Mary, Mary, Mother mild,
We go to seek thy Little Child,
We go to worship and to pray,
The Star leads on to show the way.
With hearts of love and happy song,
Come, brothers dear, let's march along,
O'er snowy crest and woodland drear,
We know not hunger, cold nor fear,
For Little Christ is born to-night,
A Babe, a God, oh, wondrous sight!
Our gifts are very, very small,
But Jesus dear, they are our all.
A bit of bread, a sup of wine,
On which our Little Lord may dine,
A string of beads, a cock to crow,
A lambkin white as driven snow.
And so we march across the down,
Until we come to David's town.

[*They disappear, singing. As their song dies away, there is heard the song of the approaching* KING OF THE NORTH *and the* KING OF THE SOUTH *with their* ATTENDANTS, *each coming from his way, one from the right and one from the left.*

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

The Father of an Infinite Majesty.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

Thine adorable, true and only Son.

ATTENDANTS OF THE KING OF THE NORTH.

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

[*The* KINGS *have met, and all of them sing together.*

ATTENDANTS OF THE KINGS OF THE NORTH AND OF THE SOUTH.

Thou art the King of Glory, O, Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

[*The* KING OF THE NORTH *is a fair knight in golden armour, who rides a richly caprisoned white horse. All his people are soldiers like himself. They form a noble army like that of the crusaders. They bring the gift of strength of arms, and dominion over land and sea.* THE KING OF THE SOUTH *is dark like an Arab or Moor. He rides a camel. His people are also dark with the suns of the desert. They carry rich gifts of fruits in baskets and trays upon their heads, and caskets of gems, and golden vases filled with fragrant wine, and robes of silk, all the wealth of all the world.*

KING OF THE NORTH.

Good even, friend.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

Good eve to thee, and canst
Thou tell us of the way to seek the King,
Who's born this night to all the universe?

KING OF THE NORTH.

We, too, would know the way to Bethlehem.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

Far from the south, where Father Nile doth flow
From out the snows of Ethiopia,
We've journeyed here, and we are spent and done.

KING OF THE NORTH.

And we from where the North Star hangs all bright
Upon the dipper's lip. We come to bring
Our fealty unto the new-born King.
We bring the gift of mailèd hand and strength
Of nations great in arms. We draw our swords
In His good cause, the cause of Christ the King.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

And we bring gifts of gold and frankincense,
Rich fruits from far oases of the plains,
And raiment rare; a king must feast,
And must be robed to suit his royalty.
But here a stranger comes, an aged man
With beard upon his breast. We'll ask of him.

[*The* KING OF THE EAST *enters. He is an old man. He leans heavily upon his staff, and carries close against his breast a roll of parchment, written in strange characters. It is the wisdom of the East. The* ATTENDANTS OF THE KING *carry other rolls, but the most sacred the* KING *carries. The* KING'S *elephant, with rich and jeweled howdah on its back, is led by an attendant, the* KING *does not ride on so holy a quest. He walks, bowed with age, and the burden of his jeweled and embroidered robes.*

KING OF THE SOUTH.

Peace be with thee, Brother.

KING OF THE EAST.

And peace also
With thee, and with thy house.

THE KING OF THE NORTH.

KING OF THE NORTH.

God be with thee.
And dost thou know the way to Bethlehem?

KING OF THE EAST.

We, too, would know the way to that same town.
Far from the plains of Ind to find the place
We've journeyed here as flies the bird across
The trackless wastes of the unchartered skies.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

And hast thou walked the way?

KING OF THE EAST.

Aye, all the way.
It were not meet to ride upon so rich
A quest.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

And all the miles from where the Indus
Flows across the desert hast thou walked?

KING OF THE EAST.

Aye, all the way I walked.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

Then I, too, walk.

KING OF THE NORTH.

And I; but what way shall we walk?

KING OF THE EAST.

Patience,
It is a virtue I have learned. The Lord
Will show to us the way that we shall go.

[*Suddenly it is night again. There is the blare of trumpets, and* GABRIEL *appears to the* KINGS *as he did to the* SHEPHERDS. *The* PEOPLE OF THE KINGS *throw themselves on their faces, and even the* KINGS *put their arms across their eyes at the blinding sight.*

GABRIEL.

Ye learnèd men, who from the farthest ends
O' earth have come to seek Him born to-night,
I bid ye see the star there in the sky.
Do follow it and ye shall know the way.

[*And* GABRIEL *is no longer there.*

KING OF THE EAST.

The Lord hath spoke. So set our faces toward
The star, and in His glory shall we walk.

[*The* KINGS *with their* PEOPLE *go off together, singing.*

THE THREE KINGS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

O, Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage.
Govern them and lift them up forever.
Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thee world without end.
Vouchsafe, O, Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
Lord have mercy upon us!
O, Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us as our trust is in Thee.
O, Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

[*As the* KINGS *go away the light begins to fade, and soon it is gone. In time, there appears over the place where lies the Child Jesus, an angel in soft, radiant robes, the* ANGEL OF THE

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. *The angel holds in his two hands held prayer-wise against his heart, the star. At first, this is all the light there is, and then there is seen to be a light coming from a lantern, hanging from a beam under the thatched roof of a little pent house. As the light grows softly brighter, there are seen to be two people in the house, an old man, and a young woman, slender and lovely. The old man leans upon his staff; the young woman bends over the manger in which lies the Child. A soft light comes from the manger. The young woman is* MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS; *the man is* JOSEPH, *a workman out of Nazareth. An ox and an ass eat hay from a rack; a kid is tied by his four feet and lies upon the ground; white doves roost upon the roof. There is soft celestial music in the air. Voices are singing the* Gloria in Excelsis, *and afar a single voice sings the* Ave Maria. *They sing alternately, first one and then the other. The air is full of snatches of song.*

VOICES (*singing*).

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

VOICE (*singing*).

Ave Maria.

VOICES (*singing*).

We praise Thee, we bless Thee
We worship Thee, we glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
For Thy great glory.

VOICE (*singing*).

Gratia plena.
Dominus tecum
Benedicta tu in muleribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.

MARY.

Oh, I hear voices, Joseph, voices singing.

JOSEPH.

Nay, I hear naught.

MARY.

And dost thou truly not?
Oh, I do hear! The air is full of song.
Canst hear, "We praise, we bless, we worship Thee?"

JOSEPH.

Nay, surely I hear naught.

MARY.

'Tis so? Perhaps,
Joseph, it is my heart that I do hear:
"We praise, we bless, we worship Thee."
The heart of every mother sings at such
A time. Her heart could fairly burst with song.

VOICES (*singing*).

O, Lord God, Lamb of God,
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us!

VOICE (*singing*).

Sancta Maria!
Sancta Maria!

THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

MARY.

Thou dost not hear? "Thou that tak'st away
The sins of all the world have mercy on us?"

JOSEPH.

I do not hear.

MARY.

It is all heav'n and
All earth that sings within my heart, Joseph.

VOICES (*singing*).

Thou that sittest at the right hand
Of God the Father,
Have mercy upon us.
For Thou only art holy,
Thou only art the Lord,
Thou only, Christ, with the Holy Ghost
Art most high in the glory of God, the Father. Amen.

MARY.

Amen. [*There comes a knocking at the gate.*

JOSEPH.

There's some one knocking at the gate.

MARY.

'Tis people who are come to bow the knee;
But oh, my heart bows lower than their knees!

JOSEPH (*opening the gate*).

What wouldst thou, friend?

FIRST SHEPHERD.

We seek the man that's called
Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth.

JOSEPH.

I am the man.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Come in, this is the place.
God's lamp above, I knew it had not lied.
His Love ran faster than our feet and rests
Upon the roof.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

We seek the Child. We bring
Him gifts and we would bow the knee.

JOSEPH.

Enter.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Unlearned are we except in love.

MARY.

Who loves
Knows all; it is a gift forever shared
Yet, sharing, ever doth remain entire.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

My gift is but a lamb, and yet it seems
To mean some other thing, I know not what.
There is a song, "O, Lamb of God", dost know
It, ma'am?

MARY.

Oh, aye, I know; this very night
I heard it sung. The air was full of song.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I've brought to Him a shining cock,
'Twill wake Him like a little clock.

O, cockerel, my little dear,
Come lay ye down by Jesus here.

MARY.

A cock! Somehow my heart doth stop and then
Run on apace at sound of that dread word!
I seem to hear, "Before the cock doth crow,
Thou shalt deny Me thrice!" I know not what
It means, but still I thank thee, friend.

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

I leave
With Thee my staff; I need it not, for my
Poor legs do feel the joy of youth e'er since
Great Gabriel hath said that Thou art born.

[*The shepherd's staff which the* OLD MAN *leaves instead of being a crook, is made with a cross at the top crudely tied on with leather thongs.*

MARY.

It is a cross! Oh, men have died on such
A tree, until the very name, itself,
Hath come to mean a pain that must be borne. —
He must know pain like other men, so leave
The cross, my friend.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

My gift is very small,
'Tis but a string of beads, yet it hath charm
Against the Evil One. Each bead doth mean,
"O, Jesus, pray for me!" and so, when all
Are counted o'er, 'twere safe to go to bed.

MARY.

A string of crimson beads like drops of blood.
Each bead a prayer; each prayer a drop of blood!
Oh, I will clasp it warm about His neck.

SHEPHERD BOY.

O, Mother, dear, I made a song,
I made it as I came along,
It is a song that mothers sing
When baby's sleep is on the wing.

(*Sings*):

Sleep, little Jesus, sleep,
The lambs no longer leap.
Birds on their nests
Have gone to rest
Sleep, little Jesus, sleep.

Sleep, little Jesus, sleep,
The stars a watch will keep,
With their one eye,
Up in the sky,
Sleep, little Jesus, sleep.

MARY.

And didst thou make this song?

SHEPHERD BOY.

Aye, and with my heart.

MARY.

A singing heart! Oh, let thy heart so sing,
My son, and may its song be heard. And thou,
Who standest there alone, what hast thou brought?

FIFTH SHEPHERD.

I brought no gift.

MARY.

No gift unto thy God?

FIFTH SHEPHERD.

I have a secret sin, and so my gift
Would be unclean.

MARY.

Dost sorrow for thy sin?

FIFTH SHEPHERD.

Aye! Aye! I grieve, Lord God, most sore I grieve!

MARY.

Then is thy gift most pure, a contrite heart,
At which the gates of paradise do lift
So high a hundred sinners are let in.
Depart in peace, my son, and sin no more.

[*After each* SHEPHERD *has spoken, he has passed off. When they have all gone there is heard the song of the approaching* KINGS.

THE KINGS (*singing*).

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the Powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.

[*They knock upon the gate.* JOSEPH *goes to open.*

JOSEPH.

Thou'rt welcome, friends.

KING OF THE SOUTH.

Peace rest upon this house.

MARY.

Might is not right! And thou hast trodden down
Thy neighbor's field, and burned his house and church,
In so-called righteous war, because the cause
Was thine! The gift which thou hast brought is tears
Of widowed wives, and children's cries to whom
The fathers' ears are deaf! He needs it not!
He does not wish thy lands. All lands are His.
He knows not Ethiopia from Ind,
The same to Him is Macedon and Cush.
The Man without a country! No nation His!
Lay here thy sword and let it rust, but not
With widows' tears and blood of dead men's hearts,
But with the kindly dew that makes the grass
To grow where thou hast trod it down and with
Thy bloody heel! So take thy gift and go!

[*The* KING OF THE NORTH *and his people depart with bowed heads.*

KING OF THE SOUTH.

I bring Him frankincense, and myrrh, and chains
Of gold, and broideries intricate, and robes
Of purple dyes from the Phoenician town,
A damask silk that cost a dozen years
To weave, so fine it is with fingers skilled.
I bring the ransom of an hundred kings,
Imposts of lands, ten cities' tax, the wealth
He may not spend in twice a human span.

MARY.

He needs no other wealth than charity.
Blind men have delved in earth to get thy gold,
Bent backs have paid the price of these fair goods,
A little child hath slaved into the night
So He might broidered be and tricked with lace.

Go, take thy wealth and give it to the poor,
He will receive it then, for they are He.

[*The* KINGS *depart, but* MARY *has no eyes for them. She sits with her hands folded in her lap. Her thoughts are very far. The* KINGS *sing as they go.*

SONG OF THE THREE KINGS.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the gates of heaven to all believers.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge,
We therefore, pray Thee help Thy servants,
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O, Lord, save Thy people!
Govern them and lift them up forever!

[*And the song of the* THREE KINGS *fades into the night.* MARY, *her eyes wide with exaltation, her bosom heaving, rises to her feet.*

MARY.

Oh, I do give to you my precious Son,
To all the sons of mothers in the world,
A sword shall pierce their hearts and also mine.
I would not have Him be more God than man,
And still He must not be more man than God.
Oh, He must feel the very depths of pain,
So He may know, and knowing, He may love.
His love were naught did He not suffer too.
Like them as men, and like Himself as God,
A thousand fold more great. I give my Son
Unto the Money Changers and the Scribes,
And Pharisees, they'll mock at Him and gamble
For His coat, and drag Him in the dust.

THE KINGS OF THE ORIENT.

And yet I would not have it otherwise,
If He may love enough, my Son, my Son.

[MARY *folds her arms, and bows her head upon her breast. Against the white of her robe there comes a crimson rose, like a throbbing heart. The picture fades into the night. Only the rose is seen, still blooming in the dark, then it, too, fades. Out of the night Mary's voice is heard speaking as from afar.*

MARY.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath looked upon the low estate of His handmaiden:
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Amen.

VOICES (*Singing*).

Amen.

[*Out of the sky there shines a cross of light and it stays there in the sky and does not go away. After you have reached your home, if you look out of your window, you will still see it there. Soft voices sing.*

VOICES.

Holy night, silent night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Holy night, silent night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born.
Amen.

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